## SUB ingles

And breathe, just breathe

## Fill in the gaps

## Breathe (2 AM) (Live) by Anna Nalick

| 2 AM and she (1)                                    | me 'cause I'm still awake | Oh breathe, just breathe                           |              |
|---|---------------------------|--|--------------|
| Can you help me unravel my latest mistake?          |                           | There's a light at each end of this tunnel         |              |
| I don't love him                                    |                           | You shout  |              |
| Winter just wasn't my season                        |                           | 'Cause you're just as far in as you'll ever be out |              |
| Yeah we (2) th                                      | rough the doors           | And these mistakes you've made                     |              |
| So accusing their eyes                              |                           | You'll just make them again                        |              |
| Like they have any right at all to criticize        |                           | If you only try turning around                     |              |
| Hypocrites you're all here for the very same reason |                           | 2 AM and I'm still awake, writing a song           |              |
| 'Cause you can't jump the track                     |                           | If I get it all down on paper                      |              |
| We're like cars on a cable                          |                           | It's no longer inside of me                        |              |
| And life's like an hourglass                        |                           | Threatening the life it belongs to                 |              |
| Glued to the table                                  |                           | And I feel like I'm naked in (8) o                 | of the crowd |
| No one can (3)                                      | the rewind button, girl   | Cause these words are my diary                     |              |
| So cradle your (4)                                  | in your hands             | Screaming out loud                                 |              |
| And breathe, just breathe                           |                           | And I know (9) you'll use them                     |              |
| Oh breathe, just breathe                            |                           | However you want to                                |              |
| May he turned 21 on the base at Fort Bliss          |                           | But you can't jump the track                       |              |
| "Just a day" he said down to the flask in his fist  |                           | We're like (10) on a cable                         |              |
| Ain't been sober, since maybe October of last year  |                           | And life's like an hourglass                       |              |
| Here in (5) you can (6) he's been down              |                           | Glued to the table                                 |              |
| for a while   |                           | No one can find the rewind button now              |              |
| But, my God, it's so beautiful when the boy smiles  |                           | Sing it if you understand                          |              |
| Wanna hold him                                      |                           | And breathe, just breathe                          |              |
| Maybe I'll (7) s                                    | ing about it              | (Woah) Breathe, just breathe                       |              |
| Cause you can't jump the track                      |                           | Oh breathe, just breathe                           |              |
| We're like cars on a cable                          |                           | Oh breathe, just breathe                           |              |
| And life's like an hourglass                        | S                         |  |              |
| Glued to the table                                  |                           |  |              |
| No one can find the rewind                          | d button, boys            |  |              |
| So cradle your head in you                          | ur hands                  |  |              |



- 1. calls
- 2. walk
- 3. find
- 4. head
- 5. town
- 6. tell
- 7. just
- 8. front
- 9. that
- 10. cars

## Fill in the gaps